TWO

## HER IRISH HERITAGE BY ANNIE M. P. SMITHSON

AUTHOR OF "BY STRANGE PATHS"

CHAPTER XI.-CONTINUED She stayed here motionless, gazing

blindly at the sea-and then walked back to Dalkey where she got some tea, as she felt very thirsty, but she could eat nothing. And so Mary Carmichael spent the hours of her Easter morning. No Holy Communion, no Mass, no prayers-spiritually she was dead. She new it herself, and it did not seem to affect her in the least. Dr. Delaney had been her type of a perfect Catholic, and he had acted as no man with a spark of honor or chivalry could act, he had left her broken and desolate—and yet he was considered by all who knew be a deeply religious man. Of what value was such religion then when one who professed it could act so? And again she had could act so? And again she had given up all intercourse with him during Lent as a penance, a volun-tary act of self-denial to show her love and gratitude to God. And what was the result? This—this overwhelming blow, this desolation of body and soul. God had flung her gift back in her face and would have none of it—to Mary Ha same have none of it-to Mary He seemed to say: "You offered Me a paltry six weeks of self denial—I don't want it; but I will make your whole life now one long misery!" "Religion!" said Mary Carmi-

chael, in bitterness of spirit, prayers, fasting, self-denial! All shadows—shibboleths—lies!" After she had finished her tea she

walked to Kingstown, and sat on or more. the rocks by the Pier, gazing out across the Irish sea with hard, across the Irish sea with miserable eyes, that saw nothing of the beauty around her. She was not conscious of feeling tired for walking seemed to ease her mind in some degree, and just as people in physical pain often find relief in it ? such exercise, so now she found it of help to her in her mental distress. About six o'clock she left Kingstown and started to walk back to town, but at Blackrock she became suddenly conscious the entered a passing blistered feet, and entered a passing tram. As the evening was getting tram. As the evening was getting tram when inside. The car was fairly crowded, but Mary was fairly crowded, but Mary moticed none of the passengers moticed none of the passengers the awkward manner of men when they feel they are not wanted —at the baby sleeping in its cradle. Sne looked at all first with hard un-the pain and misery the force of the pain and misery force of the pain and misery suddenly conscious of her sore and blistered feet, and entered a passing observed a slight and apparently girlish figure attired in the latest A stylish hat crowned an elaborate golden coiffure, and the face beneath the yell seemed to be one of milk and roses. The little and she turned quickly and hid her bit of fuss she made as she entered the car and took her seat, glancing | had lain so often as a child. around her in a self-conscious way as she did so, attracted Mary's attention as she gazed at her idly. Just then the lady turned and looked sideways out of the window, and Mary noticed the perfect network of wrinkles-especially in the lower part of the face and neck-which were then revealed.

were then revealed. In spite of herself Mary con-tinued to look more closely at her and the longer she looked, the older and older the lady, seemed to become. The hair was a palpable wig, the "milk and roses" enamel and rouge, and the figure pads and a good corset. It was not that she was merely middle aged and endeavouring to take a few years upset her, but only inquired if she from her age. No, the woman was had been on duty that day, and if

"Sixty at least," Mary found herself thinking. She was indeed a very caricature of a woman-a grotesque figure-dully, "no, Kate, this was my Sun-bark a woman-a grotesque figure-dully, "no, Kate, this was my Sun-bark a woman-a grotesque figure-bark a woman-a gr

house of the decent sort. She went up the stairs and knocked at a door on the "drawing-room" landing which was opened almost immedi-ately by a stout motherly woman of about fifty, whose good-natured face lighted up on seeing who was her visitor.

face lighted up on seeing who was her visitor. "Why, its Miss Mary!" she cried. "Come in, Miss, dear. This is a pleasure to see you—and on Easter Sunday, too. Mary followed her silently into the large bright living room. It was like most of the rooms one finds in the superior tenement class house. The boards were bare, but scrubbed very white; there was a dresser piled with orna-ments, a sofa, a couple of arm delph, a cabinet piled with orna-ments, a sofa, a couple of arm chairs, several kitchen ones and two little stools, and plenty of pictures mostly of religious or polit-ical subjects. A large fire was burning in the bright range and the table was set for tea. A man a few meres the conject of the woman was confide or who would sympathise with any of her nurses sick or well that Nurse Carmichael seemed very run-down and tired, and Miss McFarland—who had no use for a nurse who couldn't work and work and work hard—at once advised that Mary should apply for a holiday and years the senior of the woman was sitting smoking, but on seeing Mary return to her duties afterwards, he took his pipe out of his mouth and rose to his feet. A baby-the when she felt quite well again. S) Mary was put off duty pro tem., with directions to report her-

and rose to his feet. A baby-the woman's grandchild-was asleep in a cradle near the fire, and every detail of that poor room spelt the word-Home. "Mark!" cried Kate Cassidy. "here's Miss Mary come to see us!" self at the office of the Nursing Committee, when she would prob-ably be granted a few weeks' leave of absence, and in a few days Mary called to see the Superintendent and she drew forward one of the armchairs. Then she seemed to and applied not only for temporary

sick leave, but also for a transfer to notice Mary for the first time, the silence had puzzled her and she glanced at the girl's face. It was her through her glasses. "You want a transfer to the country, Nurse?" she said in surprised tones, 'but I always understood that you sat in this room talking so gaily to her a few weeks ago-her visitor of had a great objection to country districts, that you preferred the tonight looked like a woman of forty city in every way. Is this on account of your health ?"

Kate Cassidy had been Mary's nurse in the old days when James Her sharp eyes were scrutinising Carmichael and his pretty young wife had been alive, and she gazed Mary all the time, thinking how really ill she looked, and wondering, but too tactful to question-what really was the matter with this now at the girl in pitiful dismay. "Oh ! Miss Mary, dear ! what is nurse, one of the very best on her

Sure it's worn out and ill you must be! Sit down, darling; sit down and rest yourself." staff Meanwhile Mary was fighting Mary looked up at the good motherly face bending over her, at

hard for composure; she was frightfully nervous—why she hard-ly knew—and so weak in body and work-worn hands resting so mind that it took all the will-power of which she was possessed to keep tenderly on her shoulder, and then her glance wandered round the her from breaking down completely "Not altogether on account of my health, Miss Malcolm," she faltered; "but I—I think the country -the change would help me. Oh, please Miss Malcolm, let me go, and

seeing eyes full of pain and misery and then suddenly her frozen heart seemed to thaw, and she was only conscious of a terrible tired-Miss Malcolm was a wise woman and recognized that this was no time for argument.

ror argument.
"Very well, Nurse," she said quietly; "there is a district vacant in the south-west—in Co. Clare.
Will you take that ?"
"Oh, yes, Miss Malcolm—any-where." was the route patient. ness-of an aching heart hungerface on the broad bosom where she

"Oh ! yes-yes ! Kate ! she said brokenly, 'I am tired-so tired ! Let me rest here-oh ! don't send me away ! I'm so lonely and tired ! -tired of everything !" And so enfolded in Kate's strong

arms, Mary at last gave way to nature's grief, and although her transfer to the Co. Clare district. She told Kate Cassidy languidly ously. sobs were bitter at first, yet after a while the tears flowed easily until about these arrangements they fell like rain on her parched that good woman was fussing

nd her with tea and toast. aroun Exhausted at last she leant back "And I'm going to leave you too; te," she said; and as her old Kate,"

in her chair, only a sobbing sigh escaping her now and then—like a tired child that sobs in its sleep. may, she went on— "Yes, I know, Katie—and you have been a perfect dear to me— what I should have done without you I don't know—I daren't think of it. But now—well

om to let, and I'm going to

# THE CATHOLIC RECORD

and in desperation put her hands over her ears though the sound was material and she could thus shut it will not marry him," she added "I can't promise you that," said the girl, a touch of defiance in her

voice—" but I will promise to try to make him a Catholic. Others have done the same, why shouldn't

the honeymoon was over. I know Walter Adams better than you do. ba's and at Kate Cassidy's prove I have been studying him for some time. He dislikes Catholics-he futile, no one knew where she had gone, or where she was staying. has a contempt for all religion and Then one evening Bride an-nounced, while taking her seatis an atheist at heart.'

"You are hard on him, Aunt Sarah," said the girl, twirling the beautiful ring round and round on iate as usual—at the tea table. "Oh, by the way, I saw Mary Carmichael today."

of theirs.

ly : '

niece

fancy.

AN AWAKENING

By Shiela Mahon in Rosary Magazine

"I don't like him; Peggy, and I

face looked stern as she made this

emphatic protest to her pretty

niece made no reply but stood twirl-ing a rose between her fingers. "He has bewitched you. You are

her heart. Tell me you are not in earnest" her voice took a pleading

tone-" and that it is only a passing

"It is more than a passing fancy," said Peggy stubbornly "You have been so hard on Walter

and I can soon remedy that.

I don't like him." she reiterated in an exasperated tone, as her

her finger. "If you marry him I shall never "Where? When? How is she? What did she say? Why didn't she come to see us?" forgive you," said her aunt, as she rose and walked unsteadily towards rose and walked unsteading towards thons the door. "I shall disinherit you. the No money of mine shall go to walter Adams." I the "Not another word !" cried her A perfect tornado of questions poured forth upon her, for the whole family was present. Bride shrugged her shoulders. Of all the Bride Blakes she was the only one who had not worried over Mary at this time, such a " case" was not inter-time. Such a " case" was not intertime, such a "case" was not inter-esting from Bride's standpoint.

that I care only for your money than all you have said about Had Mary been in want or rags. drunkard, a thief, or a girl of the Walter. streets—or even a respectable mother attending her Baby Club, Her aunt only looked at her sorrowfully and passed out of the

then all Bride's sympathies would have been enlisted in her behalf, but as it was, she considered that room. For an instant the girl felt an impulse to run after her and beg her brothers and sisters were making too much fuss over this friend

for forgiveness. Then, suddenly her mood changed. She again became hot and resentful. A girl I'm sorry to say that I can should brook no interference in her answer none of your questions," she said. "I was hurrying after choice of a husband. was her business, not Aunt Sarah's Mrs. Doyle, of whom I had just caught sight—that woman is really her aunt had been very good to her -she had taken the place of her mother, who had died young-but enough to dishearten anyone, prom-ising to attend the Club regularly this was too much to expect from this was too much to expect 1 this her! The opals and diamonds on her finger flashed radiantly, and Peggy, whispering to herself, "I Pressed the won't give you up." pressed the ring to her red lips. Whether the Bride stiffened at once. She was always a little difficult to get on caress was for the beautiful gems

with, as the others knew, and Mary Blake now interposed gently. deeper it would be hard to tell. Blake now interposed gently. "Please, Bride, we are so anxious Anyhow, Peggy, instead of follow--tell us all you can." "Well, really, as I said, there is coat and rushed out of the house. nothing to tell. I was hurrying after Mrs. Doyle, and turning a a familiar figure advancing towards after Mrs. Doyle, and turning her. "Hello, Elizabeth," she cried corner I came face to face with Mary-Carmichael. She was walk-delightedly, "I am so glad to meet you. I have a fit of the blues and you. I have a fit of the blues and

His Catholicity would last until

"Very well, Nurse," she said quietly ; "there is a district vacant in the south-west—in Co. Clare. Will you take that?" "Oh, yes, Miss Malcolm—any-where," was the reply, pitiful in its very eagerness. And so matters were settled, and Mary Carmichael left the office with three weeks' sick leave granted to her, at the expiration of which time she was to report herself again and arrange finally for the transfer to the Co. Clare district.

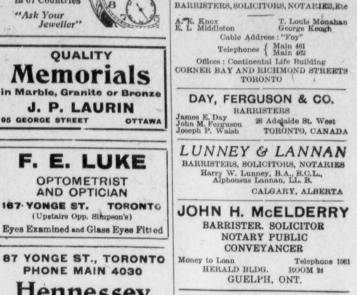
turn and look at him rather curi- man.

"Stop her?" she repeated, cold-"You noor dear." said her friend. "I pity you from my heart. But I also pity Aunt Sarah." she or do, and if I had stopped been Mrs. Doyle-"You noor dear." said her friend. "I pity you from my heart. But I also pity Aunt Sarah." she then Mrs. Doyle." ex-"Oh, dash Mrs. Doyle," ex-claimed Pat, and Shamus said claimed pat, lick where a structure and the source of the source

fully. "Come on to the meeting and forget your worries. Father Tom is to speak tonight. . . You

Tom is to speak tonight. . . You know you love to hear him." "Very well." acquiesced Peggy. "I do like to listen to Father Tom. When did he come back from

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Ointment I sent for a free sample which I used with success. I pur-chased more and after using three cakes of Soap and two boxes of Oint-ment I was healed." (Signed) Miss Sadie Dolce, 363 Admiral St., Prov-idence, R. I., Aug. 11, 1921.

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DRUGS

True

PERFUMES

of a woman—a grotesque hgure— and yet oddly pathetic. One evidently who had missed all that she most desired in life and now when one would think that life for her was practically over and done the use practically over and done her was her was her balance her her balance her balanc her was practically over and done with-she was still clinging to it,

To Mary Carmichael, gazing at her with miserable eyes, she seemed some horrid nightmare of like which she could not rid herselfveritable death's head, fashionably dressed, and sitting in mockery grinning at her across the tram. And into Mary's poor tortured choke her, but presently Nature asserted itself, and she found hercame the questioning self eating and drinking and feeling thought

the better for it. At ten o'clock she was in bed in one of the little rooms off the living Will I be like her in the years to will the hare, long, lonely years to come? the bare, long, lonely years that lie before me. Will I get older and older, and will I try and pretend all the time that I'm still young? Will I paint and powder and wear somebody else's hair? Oh! I wonder will I?" room-in bed and asleep-the sleep of utter exhaustion, physical and mental. Then Kate Cassidy, wiping her

It showed how distorted her mind had taken refuge with neighbors in the "parlor" below. She drew him outside and spoke. was at the moment that such ideas should come to her. How the other Mary Carmichael-the cheerful, "I don't know what's happened the child, Mark," she said brokenly;

same Mary-would have scoffed at the bare notion of such a thing That other Mary would have looked

at the poor creature opposite half in pity, half in amusement, sighed that any woman could make such a caricature of 'herself, and then would probably have shrugged her anyway she wants to stay here. would probably have shrugged her shoulders and thought no more of the matter. But the Mary of today — the tortured, wretched woman who had just found all her So do you go up to the Home and see the Matron or one of the nurses, and say that Miss Carmichael is not

well, and is staying with me for the night. world tumbling down like a house of cards—that Mary could see only the tragedy of that unreal figure

take it for the three weeks. 'God save us, Miss Mary, dear,' said Kate, "and what would you do the likes of that for? And

her was practically over and done with—she was still clinging to it, and trying pitfully to cheat the years that had passed over her head.

eyes with her apron, went down-stairs to find her "old man," who

"some big sorrow it must be to have crushed all the life out of Miss

heart, and so gave her relief.

Kate Cassidy, with rare tact.

what about your friends, the Blakes? Sure they would be in a queer pucker if they knew you were in strange lodging, and them with their house always open to the tea; she cut bread and butter and thin slices of boiled ham, and "Oh, yes, Kate-I know all that," said the other, with the new note of utter weariness and indiffergently, tenderly, like a mother feeding her child, so she fed this nursling of hers. At first Mary thought that every mouthful would ence in her voice, to which Kate was now becoming accustomed. "I know all that, but I-well,

who

I'm going to Ranelagh, and that's And she went-without a word to

any of her fellow-nurses, or to the Blakes, or indeed, to anyone she knew. She did not even leave her address with Kate.

"The nurses would only be bothering you for it," -she said. "and I want to be left in peace." that it has made me just that much more interested in him. There is nothing against him but his religion In peace ! alas ! poor heart, peace

thing to please me. Besides, he is so generous. Look what he sent me this morning." She held up a was far from her yet. In after years Mary Carmichael used to look back with a sort of dull wonder at those days she spent by her-self in Ranelagh. Wonder that she ever lived through them—or that in slim hand, displaying a magnificent ring set with diamonds and opals. cried out : desperate she would go out and walk—walk— walk. She would sometimes leave the house about five or six o'clock and walk the roads and streets around until ten pleaded. There were tears in her

roads and streets around until ten or eleven, trying to tire herself out so much that she might sleep at answer," said her niece coldly. "I the bride was a lovely young gin

Rom Only arrived last night. I'm sure we are in for a treat, so, let won't have him coming to the house." Aunt Sarah's usually mild us hurry.

When the two girls reached the Sodality hall they found it crowded with an expectant throng. Father Tom O'Kelly, the spiritual director of the Children of Mary, was a great favorite and had been much missed while away on his vacation. When he arrived there was a general expression of pleasure from not the same girl since you met him. You, a Child of Mary, to even think of marrying a Protestant! It's outrageous. If your poor mother were living it would break the members of the Sodality, and when he arose to speak you could have heard a pin drop. He started by telling them some pleasant things about his travels and had them laughing at many humorous incidents. As he proceeded, eyes seemed to rest on Peggy. girl felt as if she alone were being addressed. She tried to divest her-self of this curious feeling. Father Tom and she were old friends. He had known her from babyhood. But tonight he seemed to be reading her very thoughts.

As he passed from one incident to another, his fine old face grew sud-denly sad as he said, slowly: "I have a message for each and every one of you. I am going to tell you now of an incident that made Her aunt gave a faint scream as she stared at the ring. Then she cried out: "For God's sake, don't —au incident that I shall'never for tell me that you are engaged to him! You will send back the pleaded. There were tears in her came in. Traces of rice told the world tumbling down like a house of cards—that Mary could see only the tragedy of that unreal figure opposite and could only shudder in fear lest the future would turn her too into such another picture. The lady got out at Merrion Square— throwing "the glad eye" even at the amused conductor as she daintly tripped down the steps. Mary went on to the Pillar, and then walked to Dorset Street and entered the hall of a large tenement



writes: "I feel that if anyone can recom-mend Dr. Chase's medicines I certainly can. I suffered for ten years from severe headaches, and although I took all kinds of headache powders they just relieved me at the time. I became very nervous and run-down, and every-thing recmed to trouble me. I have taken eighteen boxes of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food and it has made an en-tirely new person of me. I felt that I could not have lived without it. I do not have one headache now for every hundred I used to have, and my nerves are good and strong. I just every hundred I used to have, and my nerves are good and strong. I just weighed 109 pounds when I began using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and now I weigh 121. Knowing what this treatment has done for me, I canno too highly recommend it to others." Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50c

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